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Bard

= = = = =

Sky all one color.
All the differences
the city below
in the dark
getting dressed
in the half familiar
room I found
things came to hand
easy,
a strange
kindliness in objects
and location. The
other kind of light
the body knows
to move in dark.
And in this other light
a mirror of the primal,
the street outside
where messages
live, begin.

15 October 2013, Boston.

= = = = =

The thrust. the secret of baseball – you see in it the spirit working, the agencies of karma and remorse guide each pitch, each batter’s response, fielder’s play. It is all working out in the space of psychic strife — one person at one time against all others. In that respect, it is just like this, now, here, you.

2.

It’s not a game like all the others, it is a star trapped in a field of grass. It shares its gravity with a bunch of men one at a time. *Second by second there is really only one soul on the line.* Out there. Baseball is a chessboard with no squares, a permanent tragedy with no queen. Only you at any moment, only you, and what you have to do, or die.

15,17 October 2013, Boston.

= = = =

The curtailment

**could also know me,
a curt tale or cur tail
or long made short**

Venus in her green embowerment

**will make all right again —
wines and bones and spit and simper
all are kind and all**

the privileged princesses from school

**waltz through the crowded room
nibbling organic and the eyes
of the gods are on them, in them,**

watch their progress through

**so many media of witness—
gosh they were pretty he thought
then went back to sleep his life.**

16 October 2013

= = = = =

**Because in every time the Fairies are
and take us to them
randomly we might think**

**but they are building in us,
a slow ommonwealth
one day we'll share the world with them,**

**all realist and magical and no religion,
everything right here for our soft hands.**

16 October 2013

= = = = =

The word might be adequate
but cold at morning my bare knees
rusty October,

while we were away for the weekend
the last roses of Sharon fell.

That ends this summer
in my meaning.
And means more than some government
shut down, the government
can come back on
as soon as money people let it.

But no more roses this year.
And this now
is the only now we have.

16 October 2013.

=====

Could she do it without screaming,
sneering? Could she without opinions?
Could she just tell us it's raining
and the rain today unusually wet but later
the sun will shine ecause it always does
a, unless it happens to be night?
Then she can tell us whose fault that is,
and what we should be busy dreaming of.

16 October 2013.

= = = = =

**Blame me the lucidity
I lack, or squeeze the skin
of words, set the meaning
free. Then be a kobold
in the matter-mine and make
me think I meant what you
understood when you heard me,
read me, thought about me
in the verdurous nights
of girlhood all genders share.**

**We were born to be Bibles.
To lead each other deep
into deserts and strange gods
and out again via coffee shops,
chess games, the Rasumovsky quartets
(especially No.3) and go to bed.**

Everything else is a waste of rhyme.

17 October 2013

= = = = =

**There was some Spaniard singing
and the moon invisibled by morning.**

**An imaginary orchestra helped
and in unseen audience applauded.**

All of this happened to me

sneaky as a guitar —

o honest clangor of the banjo

I need you now – strings

strangle. Sounds loop around

the neck and ears like sweat.

Be brave and turn the music off

if it will let you. If

anything will do what you want.

Banjo again, hilltop,

mist in the meadow,

all of it not really there.

17 October 2013

THE PREACHER BEGINS

Homily of sand

sifting through the hourglass

men have only the smell

of religion to comfort them

the God of the skin

meets the God of the wind

and you are silent

diminished by gospel

or I am, or we are close

to the beginning again

before we were here.

I miss religion —

it was fun being afraid*.

18 October 2013

* the popularity of goblin fiction in our time has a lot to do with the dying out of religious beliefs, not just among the young. Everyone likes the delicious if addictive *frisson* of fearing hell, demons, zombies, vampires. We always need some improbable as to be afraid of. Fear of the unreal is a very deep pleasure. It might be the other sin of Onan.

= = = = =

**What I fear
is what I lost
to feeling
and feeling lost.**

**All the things we see
are symbols of passing time
back when I was me,
 a bronze leaf
falls, cloud
 in a half-nude tree
too far to tell.**

**Your old dog on the mat
then himself alert again
playing in the woods.**

**Say what you like against habit,
it moves us from place to place
then lays us down again, blue
vagueness in the frontal mind
and wind out there
remembering for us
all there used to be of us.**

18 October 2013

= = = = =

cloud coming from the north

who are you now

18.X.13

SALT PEANUTS

Of course I remember.

It isn't that long ago

still this life but who

I was to be being there

to remember, that's else,

pure else. What a sound

does is take you away.

It could even be popular

but still. Still as hardware

on the window sash in winter

or a child (you were one too)

suddenly thinks the word

elephant. Says it again again.

Who could that mean to

be or to him and to whom.

Syntax takes command. War

came early to my little life

like salt and Worcester sauce

the marshes of Kinderhoek.

Now you begin to remember

old record, old record.

Blue war in Finland, oil

of peanuts burnt on Fulton,

smell is always a problem,

it hurts to smell them sometimes

because you know the thin
skin, the wicked thought,
the midnight bower. Listen
harder if you want to touch—
that's what he told me,
that's what the scratch is for,
to make you hear all the way
through to the maybe, music.

18 October 2013

CAUGHT

**a glimpse of her
vanishing in trees
who am I to say
what we ought to desire**

**To have done with the passive voice!
It's all my fault
nothing just happens
we all did it**

**but mostly me
I am the root of the problem
too much love and too little Marx
and the other way round**

**how can you feel good
about yourself when you count things?
things aren't there to be measured
but to be understood**

**or music is the only measure
and that too points to what is always
looking back over her shoulder
at you as she vanishes in the trees.**

19 October 2013.

= = = = =

Trace the cheese back to the sheep
trace the sheep back to the grass
but what do the joggers come from
who grace our roads with panting conversation?

19 October 2013.

= = = = =

**One morning the balance in my checking account
without warning increased by three million
six hundred thousand dollars. I let it rest.
Soon a broker from the bank called up
suggesting so much money should be better invested
through her of course but I declined. I wanted
to see how long imaginary money would last
before the numbers changed themselves again.
The way you do, you tricky weathery world.**

19 October 2013